JIM BRUNTER'S BABY

Jim Brunter, A.B., Official Number 017259, entered an empty third-class compartment at Waterloo, placed a bundle wrapped in a check handkerchief on the rack, seated himself in a corner facing the engine, planted his feet on the opposite seat, and promptly went to sleep.

He had that morning been paid off from H.M.S. Belligerent, just returned to Chatham from the China station, and was now proceeding on the fortnight's leave granted to all ranks on return from foreign service. His destination was Plymouth, where his old mother kept a small chandler's shop in Treville Street.

The train rattled across the South of England, but Jim Brunter, swaying from side to side with the swing of the carriage, slept soundly, as if rocked in his hammock in a heavy seaway.

Salisbury had just been passed when he woke up, yawned, and stretched himself. Then his mouth, opened for the yawn, remained open in amazement. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand to clear their vision. On the seat in front of him, close to where his feet had been, lay a child about twelve months old. Except for himself and the baby, the compartment was empty!

"Great Jack Beresford!" ejaculated Jim Brunter.

As if at the sound of the mighty name, the youngster opened its eyes, and regarded the bluejacket solemnly. Jim Brunter returned the look with interest; and not a little trepidation. How on earth had the morsel of humanity got there? The carriage was not a corridor one, so that the supposition that its mother had left it there temporarily was untenable.

"Seems to me uncommonly like a case of desertion," said Jim. "I wonder what the dickens I had better do!"

Suddenly the youngster's face crinkled up, its lip went down, and it began yelling in a manner that testified to the excellence of its lungs. Though the weather was cold, and he had just come from a hot climate, the perspiration gathered in beads on the sailor's forehead.

"Here, I say, don't cry, my poppet!" said Jim, in what he intended for soothing tones.

But the youngster only yelled the louder. Jim looked desperately at the communication-cord, but the intimation that its improper use would subject him to a fine of five pounds caused him to shake his head.

His married sister down at Chapelford had children, and he had often been amused at the baby-talk with which she soothed their infantile troubles. He racked his brain in vain endeavor to recall the expressions she had used.

"Here, I say, popsy-wopsy, I wouldn't be a bloomin' cry-baby!" he ventured, but the result was not encouraging.

"Wish I could remember the bloomin' lingo!" he muttered despondently.

He hoped that the child's yells would reach the people in the next compartment, but loud as they were, the roar of the train drowned them.

Spurred by the terrors of the situation, he bent over, and, lifting the little one from the seat, took it on his knee. The child stopped yelling, and looked up in his face with wide-open blue eyes. Then, though the tears still lay on its cheeks, it broke into an angelic smile.

"Come now, that's better!" said Jim approvingly. "Wish to goodness you could tell me where your mother is!"

The youngster gurgled up at him, and seizing one of his work-roughened fingers, carried it to its mouth; then it contentedly fell asleep.

"Well, this 'ere's a queer set-out!" said Brunter.

The child, a pretty little girl baby, was well dressed and clean as a new pin. Little tendrils of flaxen hair escaped from its beribboned cap. Whatever reason existed for its being left in the train, it had certainly not been neglected before.

As Jim Brunter sat looking down into the sweet baby face, his own softened. He might, he thought, have had a little one of his own like that if Emily Cosgrove had not jilted him for a sergeant of marines. This was just before his departure for the China station, and was, indeed, the immediate cause of his volunteering for that warm corner of the globe. As the remembrance came to him, he sighed involuntarily. The baby woke, smiled up in his face, and went to sleep again. Jim gave a hurried glance round him; then, with something uncommonly like a blush on his mahogany-tanned face, he bent down, and gently kissed the little forehead. And with the kiss came a great resolution.

"By Cripps, I'll take her 'ome to mother!" he said.

He sat with the baby on his knee for some time, afraid to move lest he should wake her; but by-and-by the hunger for tobacco overcame other considerations, and he laid her carefully on the seat beside him, and lit his pipe. As the afternoon drew in, it became colder, and he took off his heavy blue greatcoat and wrapped it, with a tenderness at strange variance with his appearance, round the tiny form. The child was lost in its folds. At the next station, which was the last but one before reaching Plymouth, the guard hurried along the train, looking into every window. He just glanced through the window of the compartment in which Brunter was sitting, then ran on.

"Not in the train," Jim heard him shout to someone.

Then the engine shrieked, and they started again.

"Now, I wonder——" muttered Jim Brunter to himself.

When they arrived at North Road Station, Jim took up the baby, still sound asleep, in his greatcoat, and with it on one arm and the bundle in his other hand, he took a cab to the little shop in Treville Street.

"Why, Jim," cried his mother, "I didn't expect you so soon——"

Then she stopped, and stared open-mouthed.

Jim calmly laid the sleeping infant on a couch, and, placing his bundle on the floor, threw his arms round the old woman's neck, and kissed her heartily.

"But what, for goodness gracious' sake, have you got 'ere, Jim?" asked his mother, when released from his embrace.

"A kiddy," answered Jim laconically. "Give me some tea, mother! I'm starvin'!"

"But—but——" the old woman was persisting, when a sudden thought seized the sailor, and he rushed to the child, and looked anxiously into the little face.

"Shouldn't youngsters 'ave milk?" he demanded.

"Yes, of course," answered the old lady. "But where on earth did you get 'er?" Then she looked with startled eyes into her son's face. "You ain't been an' got married, Jim, out in them furren parts?"

"No, no, mother; I ain't married, an' I ain't agoin' ter be. Get some milk for the kid!"

Among the miscellaneous articles in the old woman's stock were babies' feeding-bottles. One of these was soon prepared, and filled with warm milk, which the little one sucked with evident enjoyment.

"She's a wonderful pretty baby, Jim; but 'ow in the world do you come to 'ave 'er?"

Jim, while he drank his tea, entered into a brief explanation of the circumstances under which he had assumed the duties of a guardian.

"Poor little mite!" said the old lady. "To think that some heartless wretch of a woman has got rid of 'er baby in that way! I suppose she'll 'ave ter go to the work'ouse, but it seems a pity."

"She ain't agoin' to no work-'ouse!" said Jim firmly.

"I was almost afeared that you 'ad got married, Jim," said his mother, as Brunter was smoking his pipe after tea.

"No fear!" said Jim. "I ain't agoin' ter trust no more women ter make a bloomin' fule o' me!"

"You are still thinkin' o' Emily Cosgrove. Well, she lived ter be sorry for the way as she treated you."

"What d'yer mean, mother?" asked Jim, in tones that showed that his interest in his faithless sweetheart was by no means dead.

"That 'ere brute Trevenna treated her badly," said the old woman, shaking her head. "It was a mercy for 'er, poor soul, when 'e died."

Jim Brunter sprang to his feet.

"Is Trevenna dead?" he asked huskily.

"Dead a year agone," rejoined the old woman. "Died from drink. Ah, 'e was a brute, if ever one lived!"

"An' where is Emily now?" asked Jim shakily.

"Lordamussy, child, I can't tell 'e! They moved down along ter Saltash about four or five months afore 'e died."

"An' 'aven't yer seen 'er since, mother?" asked Jim, anxiously.

"No; I don't expect as she 'ud want ter see me after a-treatin' you as she did!"

"I must try to find 'er, mother," said Jim. "She was led away by that brute Trevenna."

. . . . . .

Two hours after the arrival of the train which had brought Jim Brunter and the curiously acquired addition to his responsibilities, a wild-eyed woman flung herself from a carriage in a train which had just come in from Salisbury. She rushed to the first official she saw, which happened to be the station-master.

"My baby!" she wailed. "Have you seen my baby?"

"No, madam," replied the station-master, sympathetically. "We have received a telegram from Salisbury that a child had been left in a third-class compartment of the 3.50 from London, and so, of course, the train was searched, but there was no child in it except with friends. How did the child come to be in the compartment by itself?"

The woman was in a state bordering on hysterics, and it was difficult to get a lucid explanation from her. It appeared, however, that she had got into the train at Salisbury, and just before it started she discovered that she required some milk for the child's bottle. Leaving the little one in the compartment, she went to the refreshment-room to get the milk, and was horror-stricken on her return to find that the train had started.

"Was anyone in the compartment?" asked the station-master.

"Yes; there was a sailor asleep in a corner," replied the woman distractedly. "Oh, my baby—my baby!"

"Can you describe the man?"

"No; his face was covered by his arm. You—you don't think he could have harmed my child? Surely he wouldn't harm my little baby?"

A crowd had gathered round the woman, who was almost insane with grief. She tore her hair, and wailed for her lost child. A young sailor touched one of the onlookers on the arm.

"What's the matter, chum?" he asked.

"Woman lost 'er kid. Seems ter 'ave left it in the train," answered the man addressed.

Jim Brunter had returned to the station for his kit-bag, which in his excitement he had forgotten to get from the guard's van. He now elbowed his way through the crowd. As his eyes fell on the woman, he stopped and gasped.

"Emily!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

The woman raised her grief-stricken face to his.

"Jim Brunter!"

The sound of his name from the mouth of the woman who had jilted him restored Jim's faculties.

"'Ave yer lost a baby?" he asked awkwardly, as he might have asked: "Have you lost sixpence?"

The woman seized his arm, and shook him.

"My baby——" Then a light seemed to break on her. "Why, it was you, Jim, that was in the carriage! What have you done with my baby? Tell me what you've done with my baby!"

"Great Jack Beresford!" exclaimed Jim. "Was that 'ere kiddy yours, Emily?"

Before she had time to reply, he had thrust her into a cab, and they were dashing towards Treville Street as fast as the horse could gallop. But, short as the journey was, there was time for certain explanations, which embraced other matters than the loss of the child.

When they arrived at the little shop, Emily jumped from the cab, and in a moment was holding her baby in her arms, and crooning over it, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

"Why, Emily," said the old woman, "who would ever 'ave expected that it was your baby? Jim did take to it so. You might 'ave thought as 'ow 'e was its father!"

Jim, who had been standing apart with a happy grin on his face, now came forward.

"Well, mother, you see," he said sheepishly, "I'm—I'm agoin' ter be. Ain't I, Emily?"

Emily raised her face, and looked at him.

"It's more than I deserve, Jim," she said.—London Answers.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman having resigned, for reasons of health, H.S.H. Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., A.D.C., the Second Sea Lord, has become First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. His Serene Highness, whose experience of naval affairs is of the first order, was born on May 24, 1854, at Gratz, in Austria, eldest son of the late Prince Alexander of Hesse. In 1884 he married his cousin, Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse and Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. He became a naturalized British subject and entered the Navy in 1868. He became a lieutenant on the "Inconstant" during the Egyptian War, and, in charge of a battery, landed with the Naval Brigade for the occupation of Alexandria. He has held command of a Cruiser Squadron, in the Mediterranean Fleet, of the Atlantic Fleet, and in the Home Fleet. Amongst various other appointments he has held the most important one of Director of Naval Intelligence. Prince Louis visited Toronto at Fair time a number of years ago with a detachment of sailors from the fleet, the latter of whom gave very interesting gun drills in front of the grand stand.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Oat Soup.—Melt an ounce of butter and pour it over an ounce of oat flour. Stir rapidly over a lively fire, adding little by little a quart of water. Prepare in hot water, a carrot, an onion and a little celery. Add to the soup with salt and pepper, and cook. Serve on plain or buttered toast.

Rice Corn Bread.—To one cupful of boiled rice mixed with one cupful of corn-meal add one pint of milk, three eggs beaten together, a piece of butter and lard together about the size of an egg, and a little salt. Beat well, and bake about three-quarters of an hour. This will fill two bread-pans. This is a tested Southern recipe, and one of the best hot breads.

A Novel Way to Cook Steak.—Cut about two pounds of beef into small strips, and put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with a quart of canned tomatoes. Add a dessertspoonful of sugar and the same quantity of salt, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and two chopped onions. Stew slowly two hours. When done, take out the meat, thicken the liquor, adding a little butter. Pour over the meat, and serve.

Amber Pudding.—Put one pound of pared apples, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, and the yellow rind and juice of one lemon into a pan with a little water, and cook until tender. Take the mixture off the fire, and beat in the yolks of three eggs. Prepare a deep pie-dish by lining the edges and sides with puff paste. Pour in the apple mixture and bake until the apples are brown. Beat the whites of the eggs, add a little sugar, put on the top, and return the pudding to the oven to brown.

Eggless, Butterless, Milkless Cake.—Mix together two cupfuls of white sugar, two cupfuls of water (cold), two tablespoonfuls of shortening, and one package of seeded raisins, and boil for five minutes. When the mixture is cold, add three cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful each of different spices. Bake one hour in a fairly hot oven. This makes two good loaves of cake; they are improved by keeping. For shortening, use chicken fat or beef drippings.

Egg Curry.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes, put them in cold water for a few minutes until cool enough to handle, then remove the shells. Fry one small onion until brown in one tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of curry-powder that has previously been mixed with cold water, and fry it for ten minutes more. Add about a quart of water, and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Add the eggs cut in halves, season with salt, and boil moderately for ten minutes longer, when the egg curry will be ready to serve.

Vegetable Curry.—Fry one medium-sized onion until brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one heaping tablespoonful of curry-powder that has been previously mixed to a paste with cold water, and cook for about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Then add one quart of shelled green peas—or one can of peas—six medium-sized potatoes cut in eighths, two nearly ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Fry all for about ten minutes more, or until the paste and vegetables are well blended, cover with cold water, and set the curry over the fire to boil until the potatoes are thoroughly cooked and most of the water has evaporated.

Buttermilk Soup.—Put about two tablespoonfuls of butter into an iron kettle. When it is melted stir into it almost a quart of dried bread cut into little pieces, and let it brown as you would toast, stirring often to keep it from burning. When the bread is of a light brown pour in two quarts of buttermilk and bring to a boil. Wet up two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water and stir into the mixture. Simmer gently for ten minutes. Sweeten to taste when you are ready to eat it. A little nutmeg may be added if one wishes. This is good for an invalid, being digestible, and the acid makes it agreeable to the feverish patient. It is much liked by children.

Pudding Recipes.

Orange Cream Pudding.—Two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine, one cupful of boiling water, two cupfuls of orange juice, two cupfuls of whipped cream, two cupfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water, then add the sugar, orange juice and yolks of eggs, beaten well together, then add the whipped cream. Pour into a wet mold and turn out when firm.

Steamed Fruit Pudding.—Three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of suet, chopped finely, one cupful of milk, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of currants, one-half cupful of raisins and one teaspoonful of mixed spices. Mix the dry ingredients together and add suet, mixing thoroughly. Lastly add the liquid. Put in mold and steam for three hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Meat and Kidney Pudding.—Sift a quarter of a pound of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt and one level teaspoonful of baking powder; then put through the meat chopper a quarter of a pound of suet and mix it in, rubbing it into the flour with the fingers. Add as much cold water as will wet it and make it up into a stiff paste; then flour the baking board and roll it out into a round piece scarcely half an inch thick. Then line a buttered basin with the paste, then cut even round the edges. Mix together on a plate one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper for seasoning. Cut one pound of lean meat in thin slices, dip them in the seasoned flour and place them lightly in the basin; split one sheep's kidney, skin and cut it in thin slices; dip them also in the flour and put them into the bowl and pour in one cupful of water for gravy. Wet the edges of the paste on the bowl; roll out the scraps; place it on, press down at the edges, and sprinkle a little flour over the top. Now dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, tie it tightly over the top and plunge the pudding in plenty of boiling water; then boil it for three hours. Remove the cloth and turn the pudding onto a dish. Serve hot.

Tips to Housewives.

To keep sleeves up when washing dishes get a pair of bicycle clips and attach to the rolled-up sleeves.

To remove white spots left by hot dishes on the dining table, use camphorated oil, rubbing it in well.

Raisins and figs should be plumped by dipping for an instant in boiling water before serving.

If almonds after being blanched are plunged into cold water they will keep snow white. To blanch them it is best to put them into cold water and let it come just to the boiling point.

INVESTMENT vs. SPECULATION

Speculation means risking or gambling your money, while investment is defined by safety of principal, combined with a fair interest yield.

When we try to interest you in bonds, we offer you the highest class of investment, where safety of principal is assured—and 6% earned on your money.

We offer bonds in $100, $500, and $1,000 denominations.

J. A. MACKAY & COMPANY
LIMITED
Guardian Bldg. MONTREAL — Royal Bank Bldg. TORONTO

describes them. Send for it today. Orders shipped from nearest Canadian warehouse.
WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO.
Box 239 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

The Favorite of a King—An Unusual Event—An Alderman's Opportunity—Local Option—A Bright Newsboy.

The visit of Gaby Deslys presented a curious study in psychology. In ability and appearance this famous young woman has little to distinguish her from thousands of other actresses. She is neither a great singer nor a great dancer and her beauty is of the not unfamiliar doll type. But the fact that, according to a report, she was once the favorite of a King is her great asset. The theatre was crowded at every performance, and hours before the doors opened each afternoon and evening a string of men extending several blocks lined up at the gallery entrance ready for the rush seats. The unusual curiosity to see the former bourgeois girl who has taken the name of Gabrielle of the Lilies, must be put down to a species of abnormal flunkyism which is curious about everything pertaining to a King. There may be some satisfaction in knowing that Toronto is by no means alone in this weakness. Although it is reported that Gaby was something of a frost in Montreal, her success in practically all American cities has been phenomenal. Even in England she had a marvellous run and some of the articles about her appearing even in staid papers and magazines were of the most gushing type, shrouding her with a complexity of character and wonderful mentality which if applied to a Cleopatra would have been high praise. As a matter of fact, she is an ordinary woman, of not uncommon type, who travels with her husband, who is also her dancing partner. But she has a press agent who is making her fortune.

Mr. O'Neill's Success.

The surprise of the Municipal election in Toronto was the phenomenal vote polled by John O'Neill in the race for the Board of Control. Mr. O'Neill is a Liberal Roman Catholic who in Orange Tory Toronto polled the second highest vote of the eleven candidates. This is just one of those unusual events which sometimes vary the monotony of voting in this somewhat unusual city.

Mr. O'Neill is a man of no little personal strength. He has a human, affectionate element in his make up which makes friends easily and holds them fast. He is also a man of wealth, being largely interested in real estate and in several hotel properties, one of which, the St. Charles, is a well-known down-town property controlled by his brother.

Some criticism has been offered against Mr. O'Neill's campaign on the ground that he spent too much money. There is no suggestion that any of this money was spent for corrupt purposes, but he used printing and advertising very extensively as well as other means of promoting his campaign. One report states that his election cost him not less than $5,000. His salary as Controller will be $2,500. The argument is that such a scale of expenditure makes it impossible for a poor man to run for the Board of Control, or if he does run, that he will be tempted to get his necessary expenses by graft or other improper means at the ultimate expense of the city. It is likely that the movement to require the publication of all election expenses and perhaps to limit them will assume considerable proportions.

Ald. Wickett's Opportunity.

At the Council Board there are many new faces, including Dr. Morley Wickett, the "high brow" candidate who headed the poll in his ward. Dr. Wickett now has an excellent chance to put his theories of Municipal Government into practice. His friends say he will make good. If he does, he will have little trouble in being elected to the Board of Control in the near future and possible also to the Mayor's chair, especially as during the last year or two the calibre of Conservatives offering for the highest positions in the city has not been, in some instances, nearly up to the standard of the party in Toronto. For this reason the path of Dr. Wickett, who is a prominent Conservative, ought to be easier than it otherwise would be.

Interest in Local Option.

Municipal elections throughout the Province have now come to be overshadowed, as far as interest in Toronto is concerned, by the local option campaign. With the results this year both temperance and liquor men profess to be satisfied. To the Temperance forces the fact that they held practically all of the municipalities where repeals of the act were attempted is proof that in no section of the province has sentiment begun to turn against the cause, and the fact that to those municipalities already held they have been able to add a considerable number of others is particularly encouraging. On the other hand, the liquor forces rejoice because such notable contests as the proposal to reduce the number of licenses in Hamilton and the local option contest in the city of Peterboro went in their favor, to say nothing of the large number of important towns and villages which they also held. From these facts they argue that the local option or prohibition wave has about reached its height.

The scene on polling night when the returns were being received at the headquarters of the Dominion Alliance was in some respects an impressive one. A large atendance composed of ministers and laymen and women prominent in social work was fired with something of the spirit of crusaders. The fervor with which they arose and sang the doxology was significant of further fights to come and plain indication of the fact that a moral issue is likely to have a long life.

A Newsboy's Fortune.

It is not always necessary to pity a newsboy because he may seem to be poor. Sammy Lichtman, who sells papers at the corner of King and Yonge Sts., is now the owner of property valued at $25,000. He sold one lot the other day at a profit of $10,000. He has made this money by selling papers at 1c. apiece and by investing the proceeds. It is the result of some 10 or 12 years' work on the streets of Toronto. Sammy is, of course, a young man of unusual endowments. He has the money-making instinct, has force of character and ability. When he found he could not sell papers fast enough himself, he hit upon the scheme of buying them wholesale and getting other boys to work for him. He has been the leader in the organization of the News Boys Union and other movements looking toward the betterment of their condition. He says he is going to stop the newspaper business next summer, but it may be a long time before Sammy gives up his stand at the north-east corner of King and Yonge. Sammy knows how to sell papers and likes the business.

A Grammatical Point.

Carrie and Madge, aged four and five, were making mud pies.

"Me am going to make a cherry pie," said Carrie.

"Don't say 'me am' for 'I are,'" rejoined Madge with an authoritative air.

Five attempts were made on the life of the late Queen Victoria—on June 10th, 1840; May 30th, 1842; July 3rd, 1842; May 19th, 1849; and March 2nd, 1882.